

Mr. C. M. Adams

The Hamiltonian

Christmas Number
December — 1924



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HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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NAUMKEAG TRUST
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Salem, Mass.

C stands for classes, there's seven in all,
H stands for holidays, they're the best days of all,
R stands for rank books as red as can be,
I stands for industry, we've got it you see,
S is for spelling, where most of us fall,
T stands for teachers, they are short and they're tall,
M is for morning, when we take exercise,
A is for attention, when they ask it we rise,
S is for Seniors, for money the class sighs,

N is for numerals the Juniors have won,
U is for Underwood on which our typing is done,
M is for Math, which we do for the boss,
B is for brains, without them you're lost,
E is for everyone, our good wishes true,
R is for records, when good work we do.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE HAMILTONIAN
CHRISTMAS NUMBER
-1924-

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Horizontal

- What study hours should be.
- Served at 12 by seniors.
- What some lessons are.
- What happens if we loaf.
- Society for Prevention of Dumbbells.
- Some seniors are.
- 50¢ a year.
- Noise the orchestra makes.
- Heard after a joke in class.
- Folio (abbr.)
- What we get when Hatt goes trapping.
- What Miss McGinley's clock never is.
- A Junior High Officer.
- The biology class still wants some.

Vertical

- Quod erat demonstrandum.
- United America.
- Russian suffix.
- Suffix.
- Preposition.

Vertical

- What might be tied to us if we misbehave (slang).
- A French diphthong.
- The number of us that like to go to school.
- Where we can't go at noon.
- The sun (nickname).
- Distinguished Service Order.
- Used in the shop.
- A country hotel (obsolete spelling.)
- A mark we seldom see.
- Anno Domini.
- What the teacher says when we loiter.
- Senior class meetings.
- What Harriet Fuller goes after.
- Latin for seashore.
- Fellow of the Royal Society.
- What our brains are sometimes in.
- Ordnance College.
- Interjection meaning behold.

20 11 2 200

Literary Department

CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS! I wonder how many people know what that day and word means? As I sit here I can see how easy it is to divide the people into two classes. Class number one, as we shall call it, is wishing that all this "tying up of bundles" and locked closet doors was over with. How tiresome it all is, and yet a lot of fun.

"Oh, dear, I do wish that puppy would keep still, or Mary will be sure to hear him. My, but won't she be surprised when she sees him lying under the tree!"

"Oh, here comes the expressman with Bobby's sled. Run, John, and take him upstairs, while I show the man where to put it, and don't you dare to let him get near a window.

"John, come down here a minute. Now Bobby, you stay right upstairs and don't you dare come down.

"Look, John, they sent me the wrong one. I ordered a smaller one. What, do you want me to do take it? I should say not! What do you want him to do, fall down and break his neck with this big sled?"

"Why, he won't even be able to steer it. Oh, all right, if you say so I might just as well take it."

"Oh!" squealed Mary the next morning, "see my puppy. Isn't he just beautiful?"

"Huh, that's nothing, look at my sled and just see how big it is! I was afraid it would be a small one."

"Say, Mary, do you know why mother kept us upstairs almost all the time yesterday?"

"Sure," said Mary, who was a year

older than Bobby. "She tries to make us think Santa Claus left these things, but I know there isn't any."

"Isn't any what?"

"Why any Santa Claus, of course."

"Oh, there is too!"

We shall now leave Bobby running to his mother to decide the question, and turn to the second class of people.

"Come, children," said mother, "and I shall tell you all about Christmas. Long ago, some shepherds were tending their sheep when they looked up, and saw a star shining very brightly. They followed this star, and after a while they came upon a babe lying in a manger. Now, who can tell me who this babe was?"

"I know," said little Joe. "He is the one we learn about in Sunday school. His name is Jesus, and we all love and —"

"Hello, everybody," called out a strong masculine voice, and the group turned around to find Uncle Bill standing in the doorway with his arms full of bundles.

Joe and Mary were just going to pile their Uncle up with questions when Cousin Jack and Sue with Aunt Lucy came into sight.

"Well, well," said Uncle Bill, "you see I have brought the family, and a nice big turkey already cooked. And by the way, children, Santa left these at my house by mistake, last night, and I just had to bring them over."

After all the bundles had been opened everyone decided that something to eat would not go badly at all. So, while mother and auntie got the dinner ready,

the children ran out to get some logs so they could have a merry fire while eating.

Dinner was served. When it had been devoured, and the remains cleared away, little Joe said, "Mother dear, please tell us the story over again. I have just been telling Jack and Sue about it, and they want to hear it."

So mother again sat down in front of the fireplace while the four children laid their heads in her lap, making a very impressive picture to the elders who were looking on, and she told the story again.

Which family do you think had the better Christmas spirit?

—THELMA TAYLOR.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

HE brightly lighted streets of New York outlined many figures bustling to and fro. It was five o'clock and the last hurried or forgotten present was now being selected. In a certain alley, on the further side of the city, two ragged figures stood. "Bill," the newsboy, said to his companion, "Aw! everybody that has money can have a good time on Christmas, but we ain't got a cent, so we are out of luck."

The boy paused as a large man stopped at the alley entrance. He peered down into the darkness, then turning about, called a taxi. "Gee, I thought he was a cop," said Bill. Then they went on the avenue to see if they could find some business.

The busy shoppers glanced disgustedly at them as the newsboys tried to thrust a paper before them. A lady richly dressed in furs passed, and stopped to smile at them. Suddenly in the jam she dropped a bundle. No one seemed to notice the accident. Bill hastily stepped forward and picked it up. But the lady had by that time disappeared. The two boys scanned the crowd, and knew it would be useless to try and find her.

Once more they turned toward the alley. When they were out of sight

they hurriedly tore open the bundle. When the first wrapper was off, the bundle was found covered with Christmas paper and tied with red ribbon. The boys were surprised at the care with which their treasure was wrapped. They tore off the second wrapper which showed a large box, and as they held their breath the lid was raised. A check fluttered to the ground and as each quickly reached for it he read "Mrs. Charles Rockham, 5th Avenue, Number 2533, New York. Price \$12." The boys gasped as they slowly looked at the contents of the box and there, to their dismay, they discovered a doll beautifully dressed in pink satin. Her hair hung in beautiful yellow curls. And a connoisseur of dolls could have told as the light shone upon her face the lavish taste in choosing her. The boys looked at each other in amazement.

"A doll!" they gasped.

"Just when I thought we had a present," said Bill.

"I'm going home," said his companion, "coming along?"

"Guess not," answered Bill.

His companion disappeared from the alley whistling merrily. In truth, he was glad to get out of the way of a fellow who had a doll to get rid of.

When his companion had gone, Bill

studied the doll closely. Then a slip fell from its dress. It read: "To Mary from Mother." A queer light came into the boy's eyes. He once had a sister Mary and a mother. It was then and there that he resolved to find the owner that very night.

The richly dressed lady had reached home, unloaded her bundles, and started decorating the Christmas tree when she suddenly discovered she had lost her precious bundle — and it was twelve o'clock. Whatever would she do? How her little Mary would grieve, for she had been promised a doll.

As Bill walked up one of New York's most fashionable avenues, he searched for the number on each of the beautiful houses. He had walked miles and now was a bit weary as he clutched the bundle under his arm. He was about ready to give in when his eyes suddenly caught the number 2533 on the door. Slowly he walked up the steps and rang the bell. The butler who answered was about to shut the door when a soft voice detained him.

"Who is there, James?" she said.

"Just a ragged urchin," he answered.

"Let me see him," she answered. So Bill was ushered into the beautiful hall.

"I found a bundle," said Bill bluntly. "I saw it belonged to you, and somebody might be crying for it tomorrow."

Joy sprang into the lady's eyes. "Oh! thank you," she said as she took the bundle. "What made you bring it back?"

"Once I had a sister named Mary, and my mother is dead," said Bill.

At once Mrs. Rockham felt pity for him.

"I must be going," said Bill.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Rockham, "you will stay for Christmas." Joy lit up his face, and he immediately started helping her decorate the Christmas tree.

Later, as Bill was hanging up tinsel and bright ornaments, he looked down from the ladder. Mrs. Rockham noticed him, and said that he would have to be her son as she did not have one and his parents were dead.

This was the happiest Christmas Bill ever had. He would have many more because he had been an honest boy.

—EMMA BALDWIN.

JULIUS CAESAR'S CHRISTMAS

JULIUS CÆSAR went to bed early on a certain night in December. I think it was the 24th, if I remember correctly. Having just finished reading Zane Grey's exciting book *To the Last Man*, he slowly climbed the concrete stairs to his sleeping apartments. Going to his window, he cast a glance out on the swiftly flowing Tiber, as it wound on its long journey to the sea.

At length he crawled into bed and went to sleep in short order, as any

robust young man of that period was inclined to do.

He dreamed a dream in the dead of the night; he dreamed of Christmas Day, and that he had forgot to hang his sandal up.

Well, he jumped out of bed and hunted for this article of wearing apparel. After hunting in his room several minutes in vain, he quickly dressed, took some money and crept down the stairs without his parents (who were in the court talking to Mark Antony

about the happenings of the day) hearing him.

He proceeded down the path leading to the wharf, where he took his boat that was there awaiting him, and had the galley slaves row him across the Tiber. The night was cold and the moon shone brightly, yet there was no sign of snow in the sky. He had his boat slowly drawn along the shore and struck out for Brutus' dry goods store.

He hesitated before entering, as he saw a beautiful girl, who was the proprietor's daughter and whose name was Cleopatra, hanging some stockings

and some sandals in the shop window.

At length he summed up enough courage to enter the store. Cleopatra was not a bit bashful and asked her young customer what he wanted. His face turned red at this request, but at length he managed to say he wanted a pair of sandals. So after he got his size and had paid the price of them, he bade good night to the fair attendant of the store, and made his way to the Tiber. He was rowed home quickly, hung up the sandal, and lay down to sleep until the morning.

—ANDREW McCURRACK, '25.

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic.

If we print pokes, folks say we are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too serious.

If we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write.

If we stay on the job, we ought to be out rustling news.

If we are rustling news, we are not at-

tending to business in our own department.

If we don't print contributions, we don't show proper appreciation.

If we do print them, the paper is filled with junk.

Like as not some fellow will say we swiped this from an exchange.

So we did.

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL

HAMILTON HIGH started its basketball season last week Tuesday, when it played the fast Y.M.C.A. five of Beverly in the Town hall. The Beverly team was made up of Beverly high's last year team, and won by the score of 18-17. In the first half, the Beverly five had the edge on the Hamilton team, leading by the score of 8-3. But in the second half the local team played way ahead of their opponents, and when the final whistle blew the score stood 18-17. The team is well pleased with the showing in this game, and is out to make the season a most successful one.

The team is most fortunate in having for its coach Mr. Carr, who is out

to practice every afternoon with the squad, and he promises by the time the season gets under way, to have a five worthy to meet any of the high school teams.

A mass meeting was held in the high school, Tuesday afternoon, and Mr. Carr and a few members of the squad spoke to the student body on "School Spirit." A large part of the high school was present at the game Tuesday night.

The Junior boys have earned the right to wear their class numerals by winning the inter-class basketball league championship.

Previous to the first game the election of a captain was held. Allan McCurrach, '25, was elected.

—ALLAN MACCURRACH.

Junior High Department

CHRISTMAS

Let the Christmas bells ring out
Their joyful pealing chime;
The mailman laden on his route
Tells us of Christmas time.

We joyfully exchange our greetings
As hurriedly on we go;
Santa Claus and a little girl are meeting,
And shoppers rushing to and fro.

The streets are brightly lighted
With colors red and green,
A lovely doll is sighted;
Shining skates are seen.

Behind the Christmas surprises,
Right back of the Christmas cheer,
Is the new love that arises,
Come to help for a bright New Year.

—MILDRED BALDWIN, *Junior III.*

CIVICS III

Class Creed or Class Paragraph

By DORIS HONEYSETT

We, the members of the Class of 1925 of the Hamilton Junior High School, hereby dedicate ourselves to the Town of Hamilton to help build up our Town which we love so dearly; to do the work which left to us; and to fill the vacant places dedicated to us by

our townsmen. We also dedicate ourselves to the State and to the United States of America, to help to carry out the Constitution; to help to hold the laws fast which were made by our forefathers. It is just and right that we should do this.

Hamilton, November 21, 1924.

A Bird of Paradise

It was a stifling hot day. Beads of perspiration stood on my forehead making me most uncomfortable. The tropical sun would soon be shining straight above my head, sending its scorching rays mercilessly upon me.

My whole body was burning under the intense heat, but still I crouched in the bushes, my camera poised, — waiting. If only I could get a picture of a tiger as it came to drink, my dream of pictures would be completed.

How long I waited I cannot remember, but finally I sank down exhausted. Then suddenly a whirring sound came from overhead, and looking up into the bright blue of the sky I beheld a small

object flying toward me. It seemed to be a bit of the sun.

Closer and closer it came until I distinguished a bird, and such a bird it was! Its gold and emerald plumage shone in the sun.

Then! A loud report! A beating of wings, a rush through the air, and a priceless bird fell at my feet, wounded, bleeding, and gasping for breath. It was a bird of paradise, shot down like a crow by some cruel sportsman. Slowly, I raised my camera and took the last picture, which completed my set, just at the moment that the bird completed its life.

—ALMA MITCHELL.

The Hamiltonian

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DECEMBER, 1924

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WILLIAM LASKI, '26

IRENE POPE, '27

Junior High Editor

OSCAR LIGHTBODY

The Hamiltonian Wishes You A Merry Christmas

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

THE Spirit of Christmas. What is the Spirit of Christmas?

If the question were put to some, the answer would be to give and receive; that Christmas is the best time of the year; a time of gifts, secrets, surprises, and loads of fun.

If the question were put to others, although they are not in great numbers, they would say, "Christmas Spirit? Certainly Christmas is a bore; gifts to give, and one is sure to forget someone."

Still another class is that of the children whose world is made brighter by the thought of Santa Claus.

The real Spirit of Christmas is not only thoughts of gifts and Santa Claus.

though these are essential to our American Christmas. The actual spirit is in that which is behind the gift—that which Lowell so admirably stated in his line, "the gift without the giver is bare." And this takes us back to the very origin of the day when the Three Wise Men traveled hundreds of miles to bring their gifts to the new-born Babe in Bethlehem who had come on that morn to give his life to the world. Surely one could not think of the real Christmas Spirit of love, kindness, and generosity and neglect the thought of Him who made it possible.

To enjoy the real Christmas Spirit is to do something for some one who actually needs the aid and where the only reward will be in the consolation of the giving.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

Unbranded Goods

IN these days when the press turns out so many and varied forms of literature, the casual reader of daily newspapers, magazines, etc., is apt quite frequently to encounter unsigned articles, usually giving views on various topics of current interest.

Such articles are named anonymous letters, and to say the most for them they are nothing less than a menace to the public press.

If you should walk into a grocery store and see a package of tea having no name or trademark placed next to a package bearing the label of a well-known firm's goods, there is no doubt as to which package of tea you would buy. The same idea holds true in the case of anonymous letters. They are nothing less than unbranded goods, and people of common sense do not take unbranded goods seriously.

When a manufacturer produces something of which he is proud he brands

it was a distinctive trademark and gives it a name to lift it above the level of the ordinary, to place it in a class where it will demand recognition from those seeking the best.

An unsigned article in a newspaper betrays the fact that the contributor is ashamed of it. Certainly if he had any faith whatsoever in his ideas he would not fear making known his identity.

The mere fact that a manufacturer spends large sums advertising a certain brand is a guarantee that he is keeping the goods up to standard, and so when a man in writing an article fails to divulge his name it is an evidence that there is no authority behind it, no guarantee of its genuineness.

And so it is only honorable that if a man has an idea to express, a criticism to make, a suggestion to offer, the least he can do is sign his name to it and show that he stands back of his policies and has faith in their genuineness.

—R. SAULNIER, '25.

"Now," thundered the school teacher on a morning of unusual density on the part of his scholars, "you are all blockheads, but there must be one among you who excels in something even if only in gross ignorance. Let the biggest dunce in the school stand up."

The invitation was more in the nature of "bluff" than anything else; but, to the teacher's surprise, one stolid-visaged lad rose to his feet.

"Oh," purred the master, "I am glad to see that one of you has the honesty to admit his ignorance."

"Tisn't that, sir," said the youthful satirist, "but I hadn't the 'eart to see you standin' there by yourself."

A TOAST

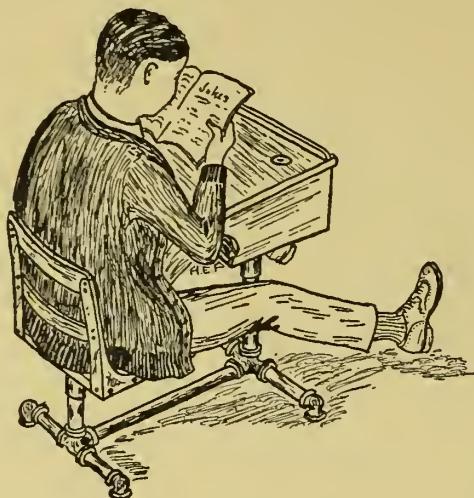
Here's to the man who makes us learn,
Here's to the man who gives just what we earn,
To the man who is always fair,
Who treats us all justly and square,
A man who brings us through the fog,
Here's to our honored pedagogue—Mr. Watson.

Prof: "When did Ceaser defeat the greatest number."

Stude: "I think on examination day."

The Vicar: "So you like the country?
Are your hens good layers?"

Mable: "They haven't layed a bad egg yet."



SCHOOL

NOTES

ALUMNI NOTES Class of 1924

Lewis Day has entered the employ of Daniel Low & Co. for the Christmas season.

Thelma Smergeage and Helen Kerrigan are also working in the office of Daniel Low & Co., having left Burdett college to do so for the Christmas season.

Lorena Case is reported to be assistant manager of the billing department of the above company.

Lydia Jones is attending the Salem Normal School. She is studying to be a history teacher.

Class of 1927

Lawrence Foster is working for the New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. at Marblehead.

Class of 1925

Hamilton high school will present a three-act play, "The District Attorney," at the Hamilton and Wenham Com-

munity House on the evenings of January 7th and 9th.

The play opens during the excitement of a coming football game. After the game, Bob Kendrick who has won fame of a coming football game leaves his alma mater to take the position of district attorney. He starts out at once to clean up a political scandal, but meets his first great obstacle when he discovers that William Seabury, the father of his fiancée, Dorothy Seabury, is seriously complicated in the affair. A startling confession by P. H. Sullivan, political boss and leader of a ring of grafters, brings the act to a startling and unexpected close.

An evening of sparkling humor and wit runs throughout the play, affording unusual entertainment.

The cast was picked from the three upper classes of high school and is being coached by Miss Cary and Miss Davey.

The proceeds will go to the Washington fund of the Senior class.

Music will be furnished by Day's orchestra.

Class of 1925

Miss Davey wanted the Sophomore class to get up a collection to buy a pencil for one of the pupils. All donations will be accepted.

We wonder what has become of Julia Buzzell's class pin? Perhaps one of the Junior boys could tell those who are inquisitive.

Last month everybody paid their class dues promptly. We hope that they will do the same this month.

The girls' basketball team has not been started this year, as Miss Davey has been busy coaching the Senior play. Therefore, we do not see any hopes until the spring, when there will probably be more time for sports.

The Freshmen girls are quite clever in playing "Rounders," as they have conquered the Sophs at nearly every game.

WHAT SANTA GAVE THE SENIORS
 The Class in General Money
 Lucy Cook Curly hair
 Anna Poole A class pin
 Lena Peterson A megaphone
 Elmer Smith A speller
 Raymond Saulnier .. A little more time
 Dorothy Cross A book of history
 Grace Hooper Lots of pep
 Doris Stone All the latest music
 Humphrey A girl
 Mason..Someone to tease besides Lucy
 Allan McCurrach A substitute
 for the "love scenes" in the play
 Helen Lovering A fashion book
 Emma Baldwin A beau
 Edythe Back A permanent wave
 Mary Saulnier A new vanity case
 Salome Withee

A math. book all worked out
 Rose Gildart Perfect attendance
 Wilhemina Dodge Hilda
 Hilda Dodge Wilhemina

Class studying Hamlet — Teacher:
 When do cocks crow all night?

Pupil: When there are electric lights
 in the hen houses.

The fourth period (barring six other periods) is the quietest in the school.
 We wonder why?

Miss Davey is perplexed for she
 thinks Salome Withee shows too much
 sisterly love to Elmer Smith to act in
 the Senior play.

Art Mason asked Mr. Watson if he
 would put out the light as it was evap-
 orating his Slikum.

Miss Davey, reading from an Amer-
 ican history book, stated that United
 States had the greatest capital, when
 suddenly Hovey Humphrey stood up
 and said he wished to disagree with
 the last statement, "for," said Hovey,
 "Ireland has the greatest capital, for
 its capital is doublin' (Dublin) every
 day."

WHY, WHY, WHY

Why is Daley's post office so popular
 around 4.30 on any afternoon? Ask
 Lucy Cook, etc.

Why is Boston university so inter-
 esting to one person?

Why does Mason think Burdett col-
 lege is the best in the state?

Why is Leroy Doucette going to
 Beverly now?

Why did "Dot" Bancroft complain of
 sore arms the other morning?

WANTED: A girl about sixteen, five
 feet, six inches, good-looking, living
 near North Hamilton. Light or dark.
 —Apply to Carl Haraden.

I see that Anna Poole has the new
 fad—the Cross-Word Puzzle stockings.

Mr. Watson, teaching mathematics:
"Suppose I gave you five dollars."

Stanley Anderson (waking up from a day dream): "That would be a real supposition."

Why does Hovey Humphrey go 'round singing, "My Caroline, I'll be with you tonight?"

Class Jokes 1926

We wonder why Donald Trussell has hired a bodyguard to protect him from intruders while writing to his lady friend at noontime.

Miss D—y., giving a sentence illustrating one of the figures of speech: "He spoke to the chair."

"What figure of speech does that illustrate?"

Cullen (under his breath): "That he was about ready for the nut factory."

Jokes heard after the basketball games: Bernard Cullen (the Sheik of Winchester), Robert Lawrie.

Marguerite Lake translating from Caesar: "And the Germans in large numbers, consisting of an old man and a chief, attacked the camp."

Class Jokes, 1927

Our class editor seems to think these green and black shirts are pretty kippy. We wonder why.

Harold Smerage would like to know what S. F. stands for.

The East side barge has adopted red for its national color.

B. F. Keith's circuit has offered Warren Grant a contract for two years if he can find another partner for his comedian act.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Hasn't scratched yet..Humphrey's pen Works while you sleep

Raymond Saulnier

That well dressed look...Mary Dodge
Keep that school girl complexion

Donald Trussell

Never say die..... A. Mason
Wait a minute until I light a Camel

Robert Holland

Scientific reasons Biology
You can weigh what you should

Lillian Faulkner

Time to retire.....Friday P. M.
Guaranteed not to run....Elmer Smith

Ever ready Violet Mason

Ask Dad, he knows....Salome Withee
Make your hair look its best

Edyth Back

Your spare time is worth money

Warren Grant

There's a reason....Detention Period
First aid for students....The Faculty
Mild, yet they satisfy, Dorothy Bancroft
Chases dirt Mr. Perron

Teacher: Lake, what are you doing?

Lake: Nothing.

Teacher: Then take zero.

Mary Lightbody wishes to hire a stenographer to write out her notes.

I wonder who gives those bursts of oratory during elocution in the Junior class?

CLASS OF 1926

The Junior girls recently ran a candy sale to defray the expense of the numerals which are to be given to the boys for being the champions of the league.

The Juniors expect their rings soon.

Smiles We Pass Along

"How did you happen to say that Blank is worth a billion?"

"I meant 'million,' but I had a cold in my head."

Actor: "I seldom think of my audience when I am acting."

Critic: "But you ought to have some consideration for them."

Old Gentleman: "I noticed you got up and gave that lady your seat in the train."

Archie: "Since childhood I have respected a woman with a strap in her hand."

Small Boy: "What's the use of washing my hands before I go to school, mother? I'm not one of those fellows who are always raising them."

When the school inspector walked in, the class pulled itself together and determined not to make mistakes this time. All went well until the inspector picked on Jimmie. "Now, my lad," he said, "what is the plural of mouse?"

"Mice," said Jimmie.

"Right," said the inspector, "and now, what is the plural of baby?"

"Twins," said Jimmie—and that did it.

Johnny: "Say, paw, I can't get these 'rithmetic examples. Teacher said somethin' 'bout findin' the great common divisor."

Paw (in disgust): "Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were huntin' for it when I was a boy."

Patient: "Doctor, what is good for chapped lips?"

Doctor: "Send the chaps away."

Rich lady to Indian girl: "Doesm likem little ice-cream cone?"

Indian girl: "Yes, madam, I am passionately fond of them."

Tommie: "If I was invited out to dinner some place, would I eat pie with a fork?"

Grandma: "Yes, indeed, Tommie."

Tommie: "You haven't got a pie around the house that I could practice on, have you, Grandma?"

Fond Husband: I must leave you, dear. Too bad, for you will be lonely without me.

Fond Wife: Ah, Clarence love, if you will only send home a parrot or a monkey to take your place, I shall be content.

Patient: Your bill reads: Fifty visits \$300. Medicine \$40.

Doctor: Exactly!

Patient: Well, I'll pay for the medicine and return the visits.

She: But you can't go out in the rain, John dear—your rubbers leak.

He: Oh, that's all right; I've pumps inside of 'em.

Pupil: "What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

Teacher: "The law of gravity, of course."

Pupil: "Well, how did folks stay on before the law was passed."

Ephraim Harkins: "What you all call it when a girl gets married t'ree times —bigotry?"

Rastus Johnson: "Lawsy, boy, you suttinly is ignoramus. Why, when a gal gits married two times, dat am bigotry, but when she marries de third time, dat am trigonometry."

Mother: "Don't ask so many questions, Katie. Don't you know that curiosity once killed a cat?"

Katie: "What did the cat want to know, Mother?"

A little girl of five was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look, "Not very p-r-e-t-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

Teacher: Now, Harry, what is the third letter of the alphabet?

Harry: Dunno.

Teacher: Yes, you do. What is you do with your eyes?

Harry: Mother says I squint.

Waitress: Tea or coffee?

Diner: Coffee without cream.

Waitress: You'll have to take it without milk, sir; we're out of cream.

When a man has no pep, they say that he's Colorless.

When he's mad, they say he sees Red. When he's loyal, they say he's true Blue. When he is a coward, they call him Yellow.

When he's a freshman, they call him Green.

So what's a fellow going to do.

Colored Rookie: "I'd lahk to have a new pair of shoes, suh."

Sergeant: "Are your shoes worn out?"

Colored Rookie: "Worn out? Man, the bottoms o' mah shoes are so thin that Ah can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails."

"Harry," asked the teacher, "what is an egg?"

"Please, sir, it's a chicken not yet."

Jimmie Brown's teacher asked the class to write an essay at home, on what they liked best about going to school. Jimmy's essay was short and very much to the point. He wrote: "The best think I like about going to school is coming home."

"Bobby, I'm surprised. This note from your teacher says you're the last boy in a class of twenty-five."

"Well, it could be worse."

"I don't see how."

"It might have been a bigger class."

Jack: You've got a bad cold, Pete.

Pete: Yes.

Jack: How'd you get it?

Pete: I slept in a field last night, and someone left the gate open.

Poet: Ah, father, poets are born, not made.

Father (angrily): See here, son, write all the nonsense ye want, but don't you go blaming mother an' me for it.

He: Don't you think sheep are the dumbest animals?

She: Yes, my lamb.

Teacher: This book will do half of your work.

Stude: Then give me two.

A six-year-old girl submitted the following composition on "People" to her teacher:

People are composed of girls and boys, also men and women.

"Boys are no good at all until they grow up and get married.

"Men who don't get married are no good either.

"Boys are an awful bother. They want everything they see except soap.

"My ma is a woman, and my pa is a man. A woman is a grown-up girl with children.

"My pa is such a nice man that I think he must have been a girl when he was a boy."

BASEBALL

The game opened with Glue at the stick, Smallpox was catching and Cigar was in the box. Strawberry short cake played short and Corn was in the field. Grass covered a lot of ground and the crowd cheered when Spider caught a fly. Crook was caught stealing second base, but if Door had pitched he would have shut them all out.

Mr. Carr was down in Manual Training room the other day when in came Miss Hopkins.

She said: "I didn't know that you had a class this period, I thought you were all alone."

Now just what was the idea?



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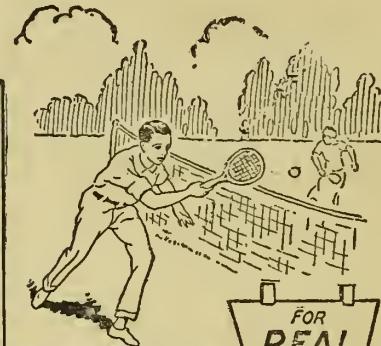
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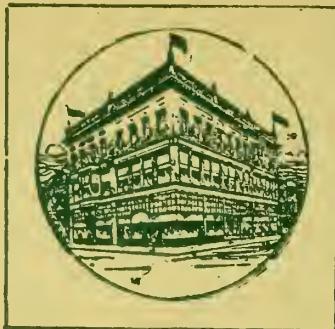
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